

Toothless in a crisis

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Category: How to Train Your Dragon

Genre: Friendship

Language: English

Characters: Hiccup, Toothless

Status: Completed

Published: 2011-11-11 13:42:48

Updated: 2011-11-11 13:42:48

Packaged: 2016-04-26 13:03:26

Rating: K+

Chapters: 3

Words: 3,721

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Some three months after the fight with the dragon queen, Hiccup confesses to Toothless that he is the one that shot him down, injuring him. The shocked dragon falls back in a bitter state of mind. But someone is intent on helping both him and Hiccup.

1. He told me

****Toothless in a crisis ****

****Toothless** the dragon goes into a major crisis. For some three months after the fight with the dragon queen, Hiccup confessed that he is actually the one that shot him down. This damaged his tailfin and robbed him of flight. The shocked and depressed dragon falls back on his former state of mind: being mistrustful, bitter and dismissive.

>****But** someone is intent on helping both him and Hiccup, who is desperate. ******

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oOoOoOoOoOoOoOo

****He told me. ****

We know each other for some time now. He had been nervous for a couple of days already. Then, with a pale face, he had called me by my name: Toothless. A lame name he gave me because I have retractable fangs. He then approached me with the uneven step of his natural foot and his iron foot. The one he lost when we both crashed after that terrible fight. He then spoke to me and told me that it was he that shot me out of the air and made me fall down from the sky. So that was the reason he found me, all entangled in ropes. Because he came searching for his catch.

I was shocked, beside myself. So, it was he that shot me down, sending me crashing through the trees, which ripped off one half of my tailfin? I had never asked myself who it could have been, a vague notion maybe that it had been one of the bulky warriors that battled my kind. But not this soft, little human. The one that befriended me. THIS HURTS, this hurts so much. I backed away from him in sheer disbelief. Then suddenly a loathing gripped me and I ran off into the forest. I heard him cry after me, but that meant nothing to me.

I ran and ran, but could not outrun the pain. No, no. It was you that shot me down, forever crippling me. I know we were at war, then. But that you were the one. That it had been you, my friend. I CAME TO TRUST YOU. I felt betrayed and whined as a dragon rarely does. I ran further and further into the woods, until I came out of it and had arrived at a meadow next to a cliff that steeply fell away into the sea. I never had been here before.

I paced the meadow, getting ever more angry. MY TAILFIN. My capability to fly! Gone! For without a proper steer I could not gain height or fly a straight line anymore. Just flap around a bit. The full shock of it, so long held back, washed over me. And I let it out, smiting and singing trees. My honour, my pride. Gone! My independence, solitude. Gone! My play with the winds, pitting myself against a storm, soaring the heavens under moon and stars. Gone. Gone. Gone. ALL GONE.

And you, my dear friend, what about you? What was the motive that guided all your later actions? And why did you not finish me off in the first place, when you had your knife at my throat? As that had been the only possible outcome in centuries of conflict between men and dragon. One slash and I would not have suffered like this. However frightened I was when I saw the knife ready for the plunge, at least it would have been brief agony. Isn't he a weakling, in body and in mind? No, he isn't. But how is it that this tears my heart apart? How then did he have the strength to throw the heavy ropes so high up that they entangled me in flight? A puzzle.

But I didn't know it was you and two days later I touched the hand that had crippled me in friendship. Disgusting. Why you. WHY.

And above all, you stole my heart. A dragon's heart! How did he lure me into surrendering it? Perhaps he tricked me, when he scribbled something in the sand? Or enchanted me when he stepped, danced, through the drawing I made in the sand? For that had been truly mesmerising . . . I should have killed him days before, when I had him pinned down under my claw, just after he cut me loose from the ropes. For I do not lack killer instinct. Why did I not do it, it was the natural thing to do: crush him like the smallest of prey. I, who had the potential to grow into one of the most magnificent and fearsome of dragons, being fearsome already, I did not kill. You took my heart and everything else away from me. You THIEF. Deceiver!

I have changed, but what have I become? A shadow of my former self,

like a tame beast. Careful with my strength, so I would not knock things over in the village, careful with my glances, so nobody would get upset. Still people look at me with reserve when I walk by. _WALK. _How _degrading _is _that! _Once full grown, I would have come crashing down from the sky, diving down on them so fast they wouldn't know what hit them. In one swoop striking down the mightiest of their warriors. _Enemy-thinking, _this _is. _Don_'_t _return _to _the _old _ways, _you, _they _were _no _good _either. _Things _have _changed, _haven_'_t _they? _But what dragon have I become when I do not dare to breathe or cast fire, for fear the people would throw me out? This village is all that is left to me. I am at their mercy, for without the help of Hiccup and the villagers, I cannot survive. This is not the way a dragon should live. How can I live without honour? I don't know myself anymore. I lost too much. Nothing is left to me.

2. A visitor

****A visitor****

Spent, I lay down and my thoughts went blank. I just lay there and saw sun and moon circle the sky. My heart, that had felt so wonderful for a short time, lay as a cold stone in my chest. What if I just turned into stone completely, as legend says a dragon can do?

My stomach growled. _Silence!_ _You _have _become _lazy, _you _knew _periods _of _starvation _before, _so _keep _quiet! _Again the sun arched up. That day I saw dragons with people on them, clearly a search party. One spotted me and came near. I growled him and his human away. Another night and a new day. At the end of the morning I heard a rustling in the wood, people coming my way. _Keep _away, _you _all. _Aah, if I just could fly away! I turned myself around to give them a run for their lives and roast their heels. The rustling stilled and just one human came near with an light uneven step. _Ooooh _no. _Not _YOU. _You _least _of _all_.

But, to my surprise, the village elder came shuffling out of the trees. _So _you _brought _the _elder! _How _smart _of _you, _how _very _clever!_ She is the only one I would not chase away, for a dragon always respects wisdom. So I curbed my snarl and gave her a bow, the proper thing to do. "Tat, tat, don't you wear yourself out, dragon". And she passed me by. "It's just me, I sent the men off, they will pick me up later".

She shuffled over to a boulder to seat herself. Being too amazed, I had not respectfully accompanied her, as I should have done, but now sat down politely nearby.

"How polite! What a well-behaved dragon you are."

_Thank _you._ _Oh. But NO, these cunning elder, they play with you. Polite! If she would have been anyone else, I would have given her more politeness than she could chew!

"Nice spot you picked, Toothless".

_Oh, _PLEASE, _elder!_ _You _came _to _lecture _me, _what _else _did _you _come _for?_ Though . . actually, now that I realize it, it IS a nice spot with a beautiful view.

Don'_t _go _stupid, _you. _The _elder _always _do _that:
_they _unbalance _you _so _it _clears _the _way _for _their
_message _to _hit _the _target. _Clearly it is the same with the
elder of the human kind.

Just a bit of curiosity crept in. How would she lecture me? What
angle would she choose?

>"Hiccup loves you?_" _So _what! _That _does _not _grow
_my _tailfin _back. _Love. _If _this _is _what _it _means,
_I _most _graciously _decline. _His _precious _love _bound
_me _tighter _than _the _iron _chains _his _fellow-humans
_put _on _me _once! _What _is _love _when _it _smothers
_your _instincts, _bends _you _down _until _you _are
_nothing _more _than _a _pet, _happy _to _lick _the _hand
_of _its _master. _Gah_._._.

>"He and everyone else cared for you?" True. _Oh _shut _up.
_They _stole _from _me _the _secret _of _the _way _to _the
_dragons _nest, _using _my _instincts _against _me, _against
_my _kind. _They _stole _every _bit _of _dignity _I _had.
_Thieves, _thieves, _all _of _them_._._.

>_Black thoughts, that, dragon. _SO _WHAT. _I _am _a _black
_beast, _black _thoughts _SUIT _ME._

Then the elder spoke: "It doesn't suit you, such an ugly face".

_Ah, you put me down as if I were a yearling dragon. A little slap in
my face to start with. What comes next? _

But nothing more came. In fact, the elder just happily sniffed the
air, made herself a bit more comfortable and enjoyed the view. "Nice
view, it is a very fine day."

_Oh, _COME _ON. _Will _you _just _start _and _have _it
_over _with!_

"If I were a fish, I would jump out of the water, just to see the
beauty of the clouds."

FISH. My stomach answered with a growl. Quickly I flattened myself
on my belly to still the noise.

>She had a point though: it was a very fine day. Not often is it
clear like this, you know. You could even discern the little islands
far off. The sunlight reflected from the surface of the sea as
beautifully as it would spark off the scales of a dragon. I sniffed
the breeze and relaxed somewhat.<p>

Actually, it is nice to have her near. In the village she mostly
ignores me, while the others give me curious looks, always from a
distance: such a unique beast, once such a formidable enemy. But she
only on very few occasions gave me a full glance, her eyes probing
me. _They _enrapture _me, _your _eyes, _having _the _depth
_of _the _truly _wise. _Oh, _how _I _wish _you _would
_talk _to _me, _share _your _wisdom, _TELL _ME _STORIES.
_But the only thing we did was to sit quietly together.

"Ah, I should be going back, it gets a bit chilly now. Will you do me
the honour of walking me back to the trees? There the men will show
up soon to pick me up and carry me home".

__Yes, __please, __elder. __Place __your __hand __on __my __head, __I __will __steady __you. But how is it that she had not lectured me, and went off now? Does one ever understand an elder?

We had arrived. "Bye now, Toothless. Thank you for walking me over. Bye! Ah, by the way, I have been wondering: how is it that Hiccup lost his foot? I could never figure that one out. But, off you go now, off you go!"

And off I went. Behind me I heard the men come. A strong one would pick her up and carefully carry her back. I would carry her to the village on my back, if she just could hold on to something.

>Ah _no! __NO. __She __has __you, __you __stupid! __This __is __how __humans __do __it. __They __do __a __bit __of __this, __talk __a __bit __of __that __and __they __have __you __curled __up __at __their __feet. __It__'__s __infuriating! __Hiccup got me in such a way, scribbling a bit in the sand, having me engaged and GONE sane judgement. __Aaorrrrrr.__

__You __be __a __bit __more __honest __though, __dragon, __this __is __beneath __you. __He __puzzled __you, __you __got __curious. __A __new __feeling __all __of __yourself __made __you __touch __his __outreached __hand. __That __was __your __own __doing, __and __not __his. __And __that __new __feeling __brought __wonders __to __your __heart. __You __are __not __being __fair. __Not __to __yourself. __Not __to __him!

>The anger wore off. But as soon as it did, grief surfaced. __I __do __not __want __to __grieve. __Do __you __want __to __stay __angry __then, __to __keep __the __grief __away? _

Just to think of something else, I started to think about the elder's question. How was it that Hiccup lost his foot, anyway? We crashed, it was an accident. We, I, . . . I never thought about it really. How did it happen? He fell out of the sky into the roaring fire with two feet. I dived after him, grabbing him, folding my wings around him to protect him from the heat. Then we crashed, which he survived for I cushioned him. And after that, still holding him to my chest, one foot had been mangled so badly it had to be cut off. How?

I never gave that proper thought. I was badly bruised, then, and suddenly surrounded by many enemies. Or former enemies, it was all very confusing. Then, I just was very concerned about my friend being so badly wounded and staying unconscious for such a long time. I could not have been happier when he woke up at last. But now memories about the fall itself came back.

>. . Then I remembered, finally realizing it. My head bowed down with shame: I _DID __THIS, __oh, __I __did __this __to __you. __Oh, __my __friend!_ I had grabbed for him with claws and fangs. My fangs caught him first. Only now do I hear, no, feel the snap.

Stricken, I slumped to the ground. How convenient it had been, not to remember. __Oh, __my __friend. __You __must __have __known __it __all __the __time __and __you __never __said __a __word. __You __never __accused __me. __No, __you __cared, __you __played __with __me, __you __tried __everything __to __make __me __fly __better. __You __were __happy __with __me, __with __my __friendship. __That __was __after __I __crippled __you. __I __owe __you __so __much. __Without __you __I __would __have __starved __to __death __in __that __cove __to __begin __with. __When __you __played __with __your __life __to

__hand __me __over __a __fish. __And __I __would __never __have
__flown __again. __You __restored __so __much __of __my __flight __to
__me __with __your __flying __gear. __And __you __didn__'__t __steal
__my __heart. __You __touched __it __and __held __me __in __respect.
__I __wronged __you, __wronged __your __motives. __I __am __so
__ashamed. _

_I __AM __SO __SORRY._

I will tell him. I must. Will he see me? He called after me, now I remember his desperate calls. So off I went to go back. First I ran, then I walked, then hesitated. How can I face him? But I must. One more turn, then I am back to the meadow and the house.

3. Can you forgive me?

****Can you forgive me?****

There he stands, waiting, looking eagerly at the path out of the forest. "Toothless! Toothless!" I hear him scream. "You came back! Come to me, please. I am sorry, so very sorry. Be my friend again"_.
_

_What? _I can hardly believe what I hear. _Yes, __I __would __like
__that. __Like __that __so __much. __But __I __too __have __something
__to __say __to __you. _I walked over to him, nudged his iron foot, and let my head hang low.

"What do you do? Will you not look at me?"

Again I nudged his foot. He did not understand. Then I put my fangs around his other leg and bit just a little. I heard him gasp, then he started to tremble. I let go and he slumped down on his knees, shaking.

I lay down flat, my head on the grass, eyes closed. _Please __lift
__my __shame __off __me __for __I __cannot __look __at __you._

Now he understood. "My leg, you mean my foot! So, so . . . you know now. You realized it. It is forgiven, Toothless! You saved me! Look what I did to you as YOUR ENEMY. Can you ever forgive me?"

My head jerked up: _YES, __I __CAN. _I felt his arms and head fall on top of my head, his trembling not over yet.

"Oh, you came back, just like the elder said. She came by and told me that you would come, but that you still needed some time. And we are good again, GOOD."

_The __elder? __Incredible. __She __has __us __all. _But it slipped my mind as we got happier by the heartbeat.

Hiccup looked me in the eye and had started to rattle. "I thought for a moment you were going to bite off my other foot in retaliation. But I am stupid, you are a fine dragon. The finest. My best friend. Let me know, Toothless, please, when you are angry about something, or sad. Don't keep it inside you anymore".

_Yes, __I __will. __And __you __do __that __too, __for __you __did

__not __let __me __know __either. __You __are __far __more
__complicated __than __I __thought.__

He rattled on: "You must have gone mad all this time in our village without any solitude. We'll find a solution. You can go into the woods any time you like, or, or, there is a little island nearby. Yes, with a stream full of fish. I could fly you there and return with Astrid on her dragon. Oh, Toothless, take all the time you need! And you must eat, I have fish ready. And about flying, maybe you want to fly at night as you are a dragon of the night."

_Yes, YES! Oh, to fly under moon and stars again. _

"And the elder told me that your pride is hurt. But do you even realise how very proud I am of you, how proud my people are? And your kind should be too: you released them from their cruel queen. You ended the war, you and me together, and Astrid and the others and the dragons they befriended. It's just, people are still daunted by your appearance. They do not feel comfortable with you. But people only now realise how much you lost, what it must mean to you, for the elder told them. Many of them went out in search for you. Give them a chance, Toothless. It needs time. We all need time to figure things out."

_He __.__. __he __understands __me. __Never __have __I __been
__understood, __even __among __dragons. __Always __have __I __been
__a __loner. __It __was __as __if __he __looked __inside __me __and
__placed __his __hand __on __every __hurt, __every __need. __As __if
__the __sun __had __come __down __to __shine __inside __me __and
__everything __sparkled __in __answer. _I could not contain my
happiness anymore, I ran around in circles, wings beating. Returning
to him, setting off again, and returning to hear more words as Hiccup
didn't stop rattling.

Until he silenced and looked at me with a bit of unease. I came to him, puzzled. "Toothless, there is one other thing. It could be difficult for you. Please hear me out?"

I sat down, suddenly worried.

"The thing is: people do not get to know you. You are the only Night Fury around, so they do not get to know the ways of your kind. They are uneasy about you".

_Yes, __I __have __noticed __that_.

"You noticed! I gave it much thought when you were gone. You seem to avoid everyone. You seem to . . cling to me. It's just, there are more people around that you can like and . . trust".

_Cling __to __.__. __trust __.__. _I got irritated. _Trust __is
__hard, __my __friend. _

"Sorry, Toothless, I read your face, how can I speak to you about trust, I realize that. But can you find it in your heart to let go of the past? All in your own pace? The dragon Astrid befriended, and the other dragons that have been severely mistreated in the arena, they do not hold a grudge anymore".

_SO I DO? _

"Don't you, then?"

It'_s _just _._. _trust _is _hard _for _me. _I _do
_not _have _a _past _with _trust _in _it, _there _was
_hardly _a _dragon _that _came _near _me. _You _were _the
_first, _that _is _why _I _was _so _intrigued _and _why
_you _are _so _special _to _me, _why _I _._. _cling _to
_you. _._. _But _I _will _change _that. _Change _can _be
_for _the _good, _I _know _that _now. _It _will _not _hurt
_to _look _around _a _bit _more, _greet _people. _See
_which _of _the _people _I _like, _or _that _would _._.
_come _to _me _._. _and _._. _touch _me _(that _is
_difficult, _Hiccup, _help _me _with _that).
>_._. _But, _I _already _do _like _one: _the _elder!
_And _Astrid _already _stroked _me _once. _

"I like what I see, my friend. And Astrid, how bad is she?"

_Bad! _Huh, _huh, _huh._

"Ha ha ha, you laugh, that's the spirit!"

Happiness took hold of me again.

Then suddenly Hiccup took my head and lifted it high so it made me sit upright. Then he knelt and rested his cheek and hands against my heart.

_What? _You _do _these _unexpected _things!_ But at once a beautiful feeling spread its wings, and soared through me. A most wonderful, soft glow, unlike any fire I know, spread throughout all of my body. It seemed to define me all over, fresh and new. It even seemed to include my missing tailfin, as if an after image glowed there. Wonderful, wonderful . . .

"Toothless?"

What?

"Are you all right?"

I must have drifted off. _YES _I _AM. _You _made _something
_wonderful _just _happen. _Now _I _want _to _go _fly,
_summersault _with _you _though _the _sky. _Only _I _am
_light _in _my _head, _maybe _I _should _eat _your _fish
_first. _

_Fish. _

_YES, that is what I will do: I will fish and hunt for myself again! Or do what I can, you will think of something to help me with that. And the first big juicy fish I will bring to the elder. I will bring her a beautiful fish so she knows . . or, maybe she guesses already!

_

oOoOoOoOoOoOoOo

Will you write a review? I'd like that!

End
file.